

# American Junior Red Cross

April

# NEWS

1949



GISELLA



JOSE M. MARTINEZ PHOTO

**CHILDREN'S ROLLING LIBRARY**—Boys and girls in the town of Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, pick out favorite books to read from among those in the "rolling library"—a special service carried on by the Junior Red Cross Council of Mariano Riera Palmer School.





# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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## Getting Ready for Spring

WHEN YOU turn over the March page of the calendar to April, that's a sure sign it's time to be getting ready for spring! All nature seems to be waking. Easter is just ahead.

### SPRINGTIME A BUSY TIME

BOYS AND GIRLS have things to do to get ready for spring. As a starter, there is the school-room to be tidied. Now is a good time to clean out desks and put books in order. Supply shelves might be dusted and rearranged. Cloakrooms can always stand a bit of cleaning.

You have no idea how pretty and spring-like you can make your room once you get to work on it.

Then there is the schoolyard, too. It needs your willing hands to make it ready for spring. Old yellowed papers should be gathered from the fence corners or bushes. Dried stalks need to be pulled up. Flower beds should be raked and seeds planted.

### SPRING WORK FOR JUNIOR RED CROSS

SPECIAL THINGS are waiting for Junior Red Cross members to do. For the children who are sick in hospitals, you can make soft toys for Easter. Rabbits, ducks, chicks are especially fun to make right now.

Then for others in hospitals there are tray favors to make. Did you ever try turning empty eggshells into funny little characters? Many Junior Red Cross members like to do that.

### NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH

APRIL 14 is the day set aside in the 21 republics of the Western Hemisphere for observing Pan-American Day. To honor our neighbors to the south of us, and to show we are all friends, your class might plan a Pan-American Day program. The Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C., will be glad to send you program ideas.

—Lois S. Johnson, editor.







## Juan—JOHN

GLADYS M. RELYEA

Illustrations by Christine Price

At first John did not want his Mexican cousins to live at his house. But then exciting things happened which made him change his mind!

"JUAN, come into the house. I have a surprise for you."

John looked up from the book he was reading in the shade of the canvas cover over his little souvenir stand on Olvera Street in Los Angeles, California. He frowned. He had asked his mother so many times to call him by his American name, *John*. He was an American boy, not a Mexican!

He ducked under the counter of the stall and hurried up the worn steps of the house he had been born in 10 years before.

The house was over a hundred years old. All the tourists who came to *El Paseo de los Angeles*, which is what they called Olvera Street, thought it was a wonderful house. They liked it because it was built in the old Spanish style with a long veranda in front.

Most of the furniture was old, too, and had been brought around the Horn in sailing ships from Spain.

But John didn't like the house. He wanted to live in a little white house with green blinds on it, like the house he had seen one day in Hollywood when his class at school had gone in a bus to see movies made.

"Look, Juan," his mother said when he came into his house. "Our visitors from Mexico have come—your cousins Francisco and Luisa."

"*Buenos días*, Juan," said Francisco and Luisa politely.

"Hello," said John.

"As you know, Francisco and Luisa are going to live with us and go to school. You must take good care to make them happy in our home, Juan," said his mother.

John frowned again. Just when he had gotten to be good friends with some of the boys at school who were not Mexicans, and was learning quickly how to act like them, this had to happen.

How could he take the Mexican cousins—who could not even speak English—with him when he visited the other boys in their homes?

"Yes, Mother," John replied. But as he said it he was trying to think of ways to get out of doing as his mother asked, without her knowing.

"Take Francisco and Luisa with you now and show them our street," said his mother.

"O. K.," he said in a cross voice. He started out the front door without waiting for his cousins. They followed him quickly.

OUTSIDE, John said, "I'm going to call you by your American names, Frank and Louise, and you are to call me John. I am an American."

Then he added, "And this is the last time I will speak to you in Spanish."

Francisco and Luisa looked very unhappy and frightened. This big, strange Los Angeles



was very different from the little Mexican town they had come from. There everyone had been friendly and gay and there had been many children to play with.

Now they had only Juan—JOHN, and it was easy to see that he didn't like them at all!

"Si, Juan," said Luisa.

"John!" insisted John.

"J-j-ohn," she corrected. The "J" was hard for her to pronounce.

John walked rapidly down Olvera Street. Francisco and Luisa followed him.

John scarcely glanced at the little stands on which were all sorts of Mexican things which would be bought by the tourists. But Francisco and Luisa began to feel a little happier.

They recognized the gay beads, painted gourds, and pine cones they had known in Mexico.

Their mouths watered when they saw the yellow pumpkin and cactus candy, and the bright pink coconut candy.

For the first time since they had come to Los Angeles they felt hungry when they smelled the *taquitos* being fried over charcoal braziers. They read the Mexican signs in the restaurants—*enchiladas*, *tamales*, *guacamales*, and *tacos*—foods they had eaten in Mexico.

They almost forgot the *turistas* who were strolling from stand to stand or eating at the little outdoor restaurants. Everything seemed so much like home.

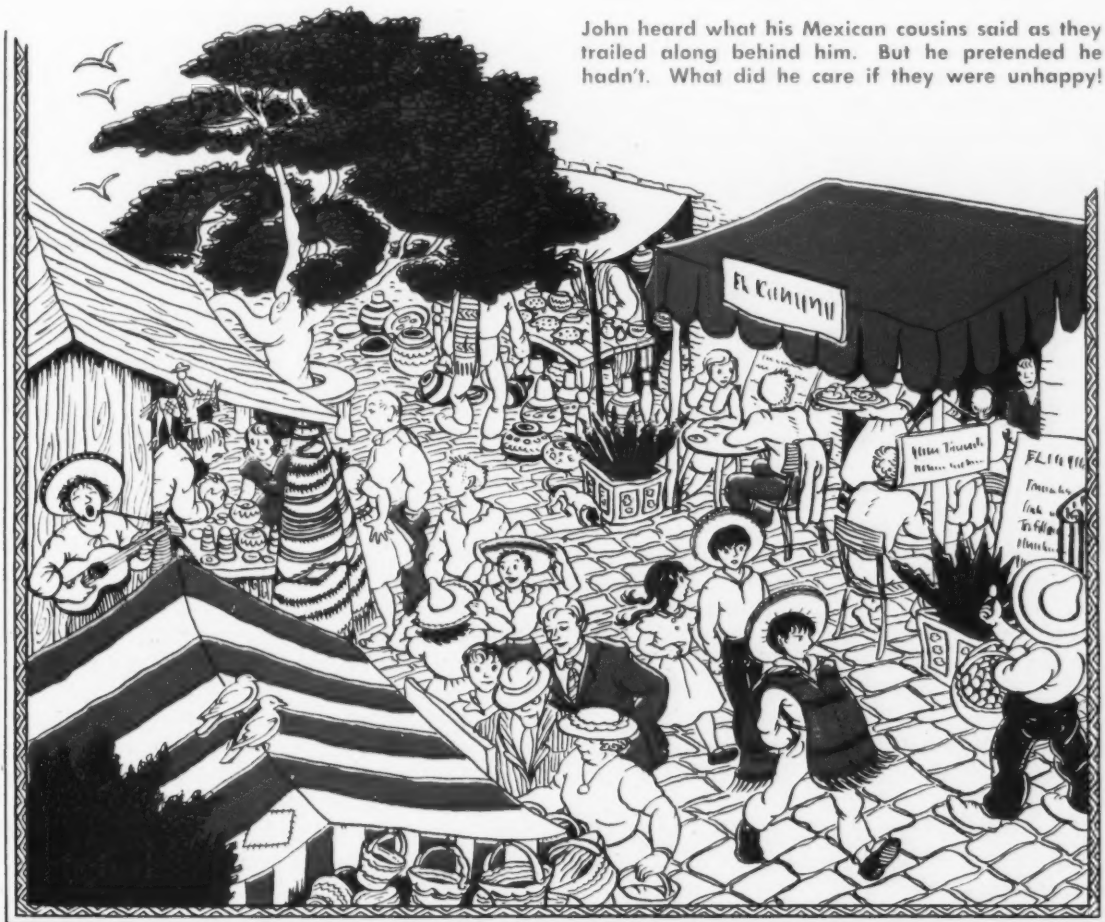
"This is almost like our village market," said Luisa sadly.

"Do not worry, little sister," said Francisco. "I will take care of you in this new country."

"Hey, you kids, I'm going back to my stand," called John, who had gotten a little ahead of them. "I've lost enough trade already."

John had heard what his cousins said but he pretended he hadn't. What did he care if these Mexican cousins were unhappy! Why couldn't they have gone to live with relatives in Mexico instead of coming to his home to bother him?

John heard what his Mexican cousins said as they trailed along behind him. But he pretended he hadn't. What did he care if they were unhappy!



ALL AFTERNOON, John stayed in his stand, but most of the tourists simply looked quickly at the jewelry and toys he had for sale, and then went on to some other stand to buy things.

When suppertime came, John packed the toys and jewelry into his big box, and took them into the house. Francisco and Luisa were in the kitchen helping John's mother as she prepared supper. He could see there would be *nopal* and *tunas* to go with the *chiles verdes rellenos*—one of his favorite meals, even if it was Mexican.

Francisco and Luisa looked up but said nothing. And John's mother only said, "Wash your hands for supper," but John could tell she was displeased with him for ignoring his cousins.

"I don't care," thought John, but he really did. He began to count the money he had taken in that day. Only \$3.26, and almost half of that must be paid to his father for buying the jewelry and toys he had sold!

"That makes only \$12 altogether," said John to himself. "And I've been saving for 3 months. Let's see—\$55 for the bike; that leaves \$43 to go—almost 10 months more."

If only he could figure out a way to make more money each day!

JOHN WOKE UP the next morning with a sore throat.

"No, you can't tend your stand today," said his mother.

"But I need every penny for my new bike."

"*Silencio*, Juan," said his mother. "You will stay in bed, and gargle each hour with this good medicine I got at the *farmacio*."

So John gargled, and took naps and read, but still the day passed very slowly. By late afternoon he felt fine.

"Can't I go out to my stand now, Mother? There must be many tourists in such fine weather."

"And catch a bad cold? No, Juan, you must stay in bed. But I must go to the market for some *tomatillo* for my sauce. And would you like me to bring you back some *chiromayas*?"

"Yes, please do. Thank you."

WHEN HIS MOTHER had gone, John jumped out of bed and ran to the front window which looked out upon Olvera Street.

What were all those tourists doing in front of his stand? And who had put all his jewelry and toys on the counter?

He looked more closely. He saw that in the



The boy was playing a Mexican guitar, and the girl was singing and dancing.

center of the crowd there were two children dressed in Mexican clothes. The boy was playing a Mexican guitar, and the girl was singing and dancing.

Why, it was Frank and Louise! Had they been tending the stand all day? Did his mother know about it? What would they do with the money?

Just then John saw his mother passing the candlemaker's shop across the street, so he ran back to bed.

"What are Frank and Louise doing today?" John asked a few minutes later as his mother stood by his bed.

"Oh, they're busy on one of the souvenir stands," replied his mother.

"Which stand is it?"

"Stop asking so many questions, Juan. I have work to do," said his mother as she went into the kitchen with her bundles.

JOHN COULD HARDLY WAIT for his Mexican cousins to come in for supper. About an hour later when they stopped by his door, he said, "What did you do with the money?"

Francisco and Luisa did not answer. John had spoken in English. John's mother came out of the kitchen.

"Juan, you should be ashamed. Francisco and Luisa were going to surprise you. They spent all day tending your stand because you were sick."

Then she added, "And you must have dis-

obeyed me or you would not have known."

John looked at Francisco and Luisa. "*Muchas gracias*, my cousins. You were very nice to do it for me," and he said it in Spanish.

He was beginning to realize how very selfish he had been.

"Count the pesos, Juan—JOHN," said Luisa eagerly. "It must be a great amount."

John counted. "Why, it's \$10.50—that's better than I ever did on my best day! How did you get the people to buy?"

"We sang and played like we did in the market at home," said Francisco. "And that made everybody walk near the stand, and then we took whatever money they gave us for the things. We could not understand what they said, and they could not understand what we said. It was very laughable."

"Say, we three could work together, and make a lot of money," said John excitedly. "And I could teach you English so you could talk with the tourists, and you could teach me to play the guitar. Then I could get my bike sooner, and you could buy whatever you wanted, and . . ." John paused for breath.

His mother interrupted. "Quiet down, my Juan, and come in to supper."

"O.K., *Mamá*," said John, not minding now that she called him by his Mexican name.

"O.K.," said Luisa and Francisco happily.

They didn't know what "O.K." meant but Juan—JOHN had said it, and he was smiling at them so now he must like them a little, and that made them both very happy.

WHEN THEY WERE all at the table, John's mother said, in Spanish, "We are four Americans at this table, and we should be good friends."

"But Frank and Louise were born in Mexico! They're not Americans," said John.

"Yes, we are," argued Francisco. "Mexico is just as American as the United States is; my teacher at home said so."

John thought a minute. "I guess you're right," he finally admitted. "I remember now that our teacher said the same thing; that Mexico, Canada, South America, and Central America are all American."

"When are you going to start teaching us English, John?" asked Luisa.

"When are *you* going to start teaching me how to play a guitar?" asked John.

"Right after supper," said Francisco.

The three cousins smiled at each other, and then at John's mother.

John said, "You are right, *Mamacita*; we are four Americans at this table. And *this* American wants another helping of *enchiladas*!"



## Spanish vocabulary used

Juan—John.

El Paseo de los Angeles—Walk of the Angels.

Olvera Street—Named for Augustin Olvera who fought against Fremont during American conquest of California.

Buenos días—Good morning.

Francisco—Francis or Frank.

Luisa—Louise.

Si, Juan—Yes, John.

Taquitos—Rolled thin pancake filled with shredded

meat and fried in iron pan over charcoal brazier in open air.

Enchiladas, tamales, and tacos—Other Mexican foods made in open air over braziers for tourists and Mexicans. Corn coverings with meats within, generally speaking.

Guacamales or guacamole—Mashed avocado with chili relish.

Turistas—Tourists.

Nopal—Cactus leaves shredded or cut into cubes and served like stringbeans, hot or cold.

Tunas—Yellow or reddish purple fruit of cactus.

Chiles verdes rellenos—Green chili pepper fried in egg batter.

Silencio—Silence.

Farmacio—Drugstore.

Tomatillo—Ground cherry used in making chili, rather like tomato, but small and enclosed in tan papery husk.

Chiromayas—A juicy tropical fruit.

Muchas gracias—Thank you.

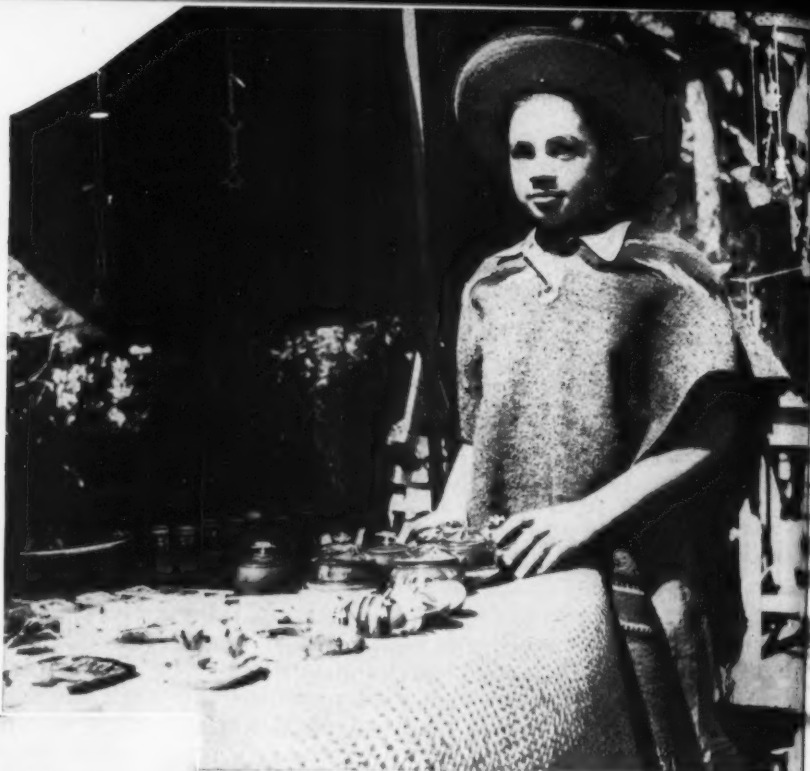
Mamá, mamacita—Mamma dear.



# Along Olvera Street

Like Juan-John in the story on page 4, this boy sells jewelry and souvenirs at his own stand on Olvera Street in Los Angeles. He is 11 years old and in the sixth grade. He is wearing a "serape."

PHOTOS BY GLADYS H. RELVEA



◀ "Turistas" on Olvera Street especially enjoy the Mexican food, which is served in open-air restaurants like the one in the picture.



▲ Ralph, 12, and Antonio, 8, rest against the El Camino Watering Trough under an olive tree at the east end of Olvera Street. Trough was hand-hewn by San Fernando Mission Indians in 1820 from a sandstone boulder.

◀ An old musician plays his harp and sings Spanish songs for the tourists.





# Easter

*by any other name*

VESTA N. RINNMAN

Illustrations by Weda Yap

BOYS AND GIRLS all over the world spend Easter in many different ways—but everywhere it is a joyous festival of spring.

**I**T'S EASTER MORNING! You're getting all dressed up in your new suit—you and several million other young people—to say nothing of their mothers and dads.

"Mommy! Mommy!" you hear little Susan shout. "Look what the Easter bunny left me!"

Of course, you don't have to see it to know that it is a fancy basket filled with candy eggs, chocolate bunnies, and marshmallow chicks. It will have some of those gorgeous eggs mother was coloring near midnight last night.

By now you can probably smell the hot cross buns heating in the oven for breakfast. And, sure as you're alive, the church will be all decked out with Easter lilies and ferns.

You can't help wondering what it's all about. None of it seems to add up to the real Easter—the day we commemorate Christ's resurrection—or does it?

## At a Garden Party

**T**AKE THIS bunny business for instance. The Germans have a story about a garden party given by the Duchess Rosilinda von Lindenburg. While her husband was away at war, the duchess had to flee from her home with her two children and an old servant.

She arrived at an obscure mining village—incognito, of course—and the villagers be-

friendened her. They gave her a place to live, and promised that no one outside of their mountain community should know about the stranger in their midst. Through the entire winter they saw that their guests had food.

The children of the village had been especially kind to her little ones, so the duchess felt that she wanted to entertain them. It was spring, however—the end of a long, meager winter—and she had nothing much to offer them but eggs.

But she was a versatile woman, and when the guests arrived she put them to work making baskets of long grass. These they hid throughout the garden and then went in to a lunch of custard and angel-food cake.

While they were eating, the duchess filled their baskets with eggs which she had colored in every imaginable hue. Later, when they found their baskets, the children shrieked with pleasure. They were completely baffled.

Colored eggs were new to them, and there was a great deal of discussion as to where they had come from.

"No hens could possibly lay such beautiful eggs," one little girl insisted. "It must have been the little bunny that jumped out of the juniper bush when I put my basket there."

"That's right!" the others agreed. "The bunnies lay beautiful, colored eggs!"

Christopher Von Schmid tells this story and says that the children repeated it so much, they really believed it themselves, and the hare became responsible for our Easter eggs.

That may be true, but actually the hare came into our Easter celebration much earlier, though not as a producer of eggs. The name of the hare or rabbit in Egyptian was "un," which means open. Obviously because born

with open eyes the hare was supposed never to close them.

The moon was considered the open-eyed watcher of the skies at night and, because of this association, the hare eventually became a symbol of the moon. And since the moon is used in determining the date on which we celebrate Easter, it seems that Peter Rabbit's ancestors might have been well established long before the duchess' garden party.

#### How to Figure Easter's Date

**S**PEAKING OF the date of Easter, do you know how to figure it? In the early centuries after Christ, there had been many arguments as to the proper time to commemorate His resurrection.

Finally the Council of Nicea, in A.D. 325, settled the question. Easter, they decided, should be celebrated on the Sunday following the 14th day of the paschal moon, which falls upon the first Sunday after the vernal equinox.

Have you got that? It's the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after March 21.

Oh, well! This year Easter won't be quite so early—April 17; and in 1950 it will fall on April 9; in 1951 on March 25; and we'll worry about 1952 later, shall we?

#### Eggs a Sacred Emblem

**A**LTHOUGH COLORED EGGS might have been new to the duchess' guests, they certainly were not new to the world outside those mountains. To almost all the nations of antiquity, eggs

were a sacred emblem, associated with important events in their history.

The Egyptians, for instance, held the egg as a symbol of the restoration of mankind after the flood.

The Persians kept a festival in the spring which marked the New Year for them. And they presented each other with colored eggs, to them the symbol of life.

Very probably this widespread use of eggs grew out of the fact that the egg played such an important role in mythology.

According to one version of the story, an immense egg fell from heaven and floated on the River Euphrates. The fish rolled it to the bank, where doves descended and hatched it. Out from the shell rose in beauty and splendor the goddess Venus.

#### Origin of Easter's Name

**V**ENUS was the same as the Chaldean goddess Astarte, known as the queen of heaven. The Assyrians worshiped her as Ishtar, and the Anglo-Saxons later named the same goddess Eostre. To the Saxons, she was the goddess of the spring, and it was from the spring festival in her honor that the name Easter is supposed to have been taken.

There are those, however, who prefer to think that our name Easter sprang from the Saxon "oster," meaning "to rise." They resent the close association between a pagan celebration and our own Easter.

But, after all, Easter, by any other name, would be just as wonderful—just as joyous! Call it what you will, it is still the day on which we commemorate the most significant event of Christian history.

#### How Buns Got Their Cross

**O**UR HOT CROSS BUNS can trace their ancestry back for literally ages. As far back as 1500 B. C., buns or small cakes were being used in religious ceremonies. They were offered to the goddess Astarte, the queen of heaven.

Buns were offered, too, in sacrifice to the Roman goddess Vesta and her Greek counterpart Hestia, and any number of pagan rites used some form of dough.

The early Christian church had no holy days—no festivals. It was felt that every day should be a day of rejoicing to the Christian because of the good things which had been given him.

But habits are deep-rooted and many people who called themselves Christians continued their old forms of worship.







**THE FIRE-WHEEL** is part of Easter fun in some parts of Germany. The children carry eggs and a cross bun shaped like a wheel. The fire-wheel is of oak, balanced by a pole and stuffed through the spokes with straw. The legend goes, "when the fire-wheel runs downhill, it burns ill-luck to ashes."

They changed the name of their gods to make them fit Christian history; they changed their rites to make them fit the Christian teaching. Somewhere in this shuffle the buns acquired a cross.

Of course, to us the hot cross bun is merely a piece of bakery which appears at Easter; but it isn't too many generations back that the bun was considered mighty important in Europe.

In England it was believed that baking and eating hot cross buns at Eastertime was the best known fire insurance. The house in which this had been done would be protected from fire for one year.

#### *Easter Fires Burn Out the Old*

**A**NOTHER INTERESTING custom prevalent throughout Europe until very recently—borrowed, too, from the pagans—was that of building Easter fires.

The young people would gather kindling all day long and carry it to the top of the nearest hill. Then, at a given hour, the fire would be set. Groups of young people would vie with one another to see who had the biggest fire.

It must have been a beautiful sight and probably the people in hilly countries built Easter fires just for the sake of beauty long after their meaning was forgotten.

The meaning is old—almost as old as mankind. The fire was intended to burn out the old—to bring in the new—symbolic of a new, fresh start in the spring. In many places an effigy representing winter was thrown in the flame.

This type of celebration in the spring was known among almost every group of people—and it's quite natural. Primitive man had great reason to rejoice in the spring. After all, he had seen the winter come, and knew a period when no seed would grow, when the sun looked like it might be leaving, never to return. Naturally, the advent of spring was a time for rejoicing, and the mythology of every nation has its spring festival.

In the early days the clergy did everything they could to make Easter Sunday a joyous, happy occasion. The churches were cleaned; the old fires were put out and new ones started; everything must be new and fresh and beautiful. The lilies, first of the spring flowers, were brought in to add a joyous note. In some places in Europe it was almost compulsory to wear new clothes to church on Easter Sunday. For a long time there was superstition connected with the danger of attending the service without wearing at least one new garment!

In Ireland and Scotland, people rose early on Easter morning to see the sun dance. And people swore it did! Just old wives' tales, of course, but I wonder if possibly even our Easter morning sunrise service might not have its origin in tradition.



Spring is a joyous time and so is Easter! They belong together. In the spring, as the first flowers push their way out of the ground, it is good to be alive, and we rejoice. Nature has conquered the death of winter; and just so, Christ, as He burst forth from the tomb, has conquered eternal death for us.

*(Courtesy Methodist Publishing House and "Our Young People.")*



# Dove of the Valley

IDELLA PURNELL

Illustrations by Ralph Ray

This Peruvian folktale tells how a great king brought happiness to the valley people of Ica.

LONG AGO, in the year 1412, when Peru was a mighty empire ruled over by the splendid Incas, there was a king named Pachacutec. This great chief knew how to rule so wisely that his people knew he was just. He knew how to rule kindly, so they knew him to be merciful.

He had two sons. Yupanqui was the imperial prince. His brother was called Cupac-Yupanqui.

With his two sons, Pachacutec undertook the conquest of the Valley of Ica. This valley was known for its loveliness throughout Peru.

Yet it had one fault, which was that only in the rainy season could it blossom and be fruitful. During the dry season everything withered and turned brown, while the valley lay scorching and breathless under the hot sun that beat down upon it without mercy.

The people of the valley took advantage of every drop of rain, however. As soon as they saw the first signs of damp weather coming, they prepared the hard, dry earth. They broke it up and planted seeds. Then, when the rains came the seeds were ready in the ground. New green life climbed up to break the soil, and the whole valley became a paradise of blossoms.

The people of Ica were peaceful and gentle. They were farmer-folk who watched the skies and the clouds when they were not carefully tending the growing plants. But they were a strong people, and well armed with spears and lances and bows and arrows.

The Inca Pachacutec knew this, and hesitated. He did not want to fight the valley people. Neither did he wish to shed the blood of any of his own brave warriors.

Therefore he sent a messenger to the valley, asking the people if they would not submit to his government, thus of their own accord coming into his kingdom. He promised them if they would join him to protect them from their enemies.

The valley people talked things over. Then they sent word back by the messenger that they would be glad to join the kingdom of the great and wise Inca.

There was music and rejoicing in the court when the messenger returned from the valley of Ica.

AT ONCE the great Inca gave orders to have his golden palanquin brought to him. With forty thousand warriors and with many nobles, all richly arrayed in beautiful robes and feathers and golden and silver ornaments, he set out to visit the valley of Ica.

In the great crowd of visitors went the two sons of the monarch.

When they reached the valley of Ica they were received by the people of that place with a splendor equal to their own. It was the happy time of the year, when the valley was filled with flowers and fruit. Bright birds, with feathers of every color, made the trees merry with their gay presence.

The gentle people of Ica prepared great banquets, and there was feasting and merry-making—music by day and singing and dancing by night.

They were in a place called Tate, a great ranch. The owner of the ranch was an old woman who had a beautiful daughter.

The king fell deeply in love with the girl, whom he called the "Dove of the Valley."

The conqueror of kingdoms, the great Inca, thought that the young girl's heart would be easy to conquer. He talked to her, and sang to her, and made love to her. But she only sighed and looked away.

She told him that she loved a young man of her own valley. Her love was so true that all of the Inca's wealth and splendor could not turn her from the thought of her young man, who was poor and had only a tiny bit of land.

At last the king saw that he could not win her for his wife. Hers was a love that would not change. He went to her sadly. "I shall leave you in peace, Dove of the Valley," he murmured. "May the fog of sorrow never come over the clear skies of your soul. I pray you to ask some favor of me that I may grant it to you and yours, so that you will always remember the love that you brought to my heart."

Then the beautiful maiden replied, kneeling to kiss the hem of the royal robe:

"Sire, you are great and powerful, and for you there is nothing impossible.

"If the gratitude of my people pleases you, give water to this community. Sow benefits, and you will reap blessings. Reign, dear Sire, over grateful hearts rather than over men who bow timidly before you, dazed and overcome by your splendor."

The great Inca looked down at her, graceful as a mountain deer, swift as the hummingbird in flight, and he knew that the gift of her devotion to him was one that he would treasure forever in his heart.

He stooped to lift her to her feet.

"You are wise, girl of the midnight hair," he said. "With the sweetness of your words you capture my mind even as you have already captured my heart with the fire of your glance. Wait for ten days, and you will see the thing that you ask of me done. Farewell, and do not forget your king."

And the sorrowful Inca called his nobles, who came bearing his golden palanquin on their shoulders. He entered it and was borne away.

For ten days the Inca's forty thousand warriors were busy. They opened a canal through the mountains, from the places called Molino and Trapiche to Tate. Then a stream of clear, cold, life-giving water came into the valley, and the people of Tate rejoiced.

Now there would be no more seasons of dryness and death for Tate, but, all the year around, the earth would blossom and be fruitful.

And the stream was called the *achirana* of the Incas, which means "what runs clearly to what is beautiful."

THE INCA in his castle thought often of his beautiful little Dove of the Valley, and wondered whether her poor young man had been able to prosper now that there was plenty of water all the year round.

Then one day he had a surprise. His son Yupanqui, the imperial prince, came to him and told him that he had searched for a long time for a true love. When they went to the valley of Ica, Yupanqui disguised himself as a poor young man of that valley, and there he fell in love with the most beautiful maiden in all Peru.

Without letting her guess that he was the prince, he had won her heart. And although the great Inca, his own father, had tried to overcome her with his glory and wealth, she had remained true to him, thinking him only a poor young man. Now he wished to return to the beautiful valley of Ica, and marry the maiden who loved him.

When the young man had told the king his story he went away. He was filled with happiness and gratitude. His father had told him that he might go, and had given him many treasures to take to his love.

The mighty Inca remained on his throne, thinking half-sadly of his lost love, but feeling a great happiness in him to know that hearts could be so true and sweet as hers.

**The sorrowful king entered his golden palanquin and was borne away by his warriors.**







# Happy, Happy East

◀ TO CHEER A SICK CHILD—Junior members in Louisville, Ky., decorate Easter eggs to be placed on trays of children in the hospital. Some of the comic faces are sketched below the picture.



▲ HARVEY GETS AROUND—This huge, hollow rabbit was made of paper mache by JRC members in Louisville (Ky.) Collegiate School. Harvey was "filled" with Easter candy, cookies, pencils, and other comfort articles. Then he was wheeled through the wards of a veterans' hospital. The ward making the best guess as to the number of articles he contained, kept Harvey and his contents as a prize.



aster!



PHOTO, MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL APPEAL  
**◀ FLOWER SHOWER**—JRC members at Snowden School, Memphis, Tenn., are knee-deep in beauty, as they get fresh flowers ready to send to veterans hospitals and children's wards. Each spring the boys and girls send Easter flowers to cheer the sick.

GERALDINE INHEL PHOTO  
**EASTER FAVORS**—JRC members in Hemphill School, Asheville, N. C., make attractive Indian baskets out of honeysuckle vines and raffia, which they sew together with large needles. The baskets are then filled with Easter eggs for hospital tray favors. ▶



CRAWFORD & KEATING PHOTO  
**◀ TOYS SAY, "HAPPY EASTER"**—Junior Red Cross members in Bergen Street School, Newark, N. J., make up a box of Easter toys for the children's hospital.

In the picture above are shown some of the large stuffed animals, mounted on platforms, which were made by boys and girls in the same school.

# PUERTO RICO

Christopher Columbus must have been happy to discover this beautiful island on his second voyage to the new world, in November 1493.

**P**UERTO RICO, which is approximately 1400 miles southeast of New York City, is scarcely larger than Rhode Island and Delaware, but is thickly populated. There are lowlands and plains, mountains and valleys. There are small areas where it rains almost every day and others almost as arid as a desert.

From east to west this rectangular island covers about 100 miles, and about 35 miles from north to south.

Did you know that Puerto Rico has a Florida too? The Woodlake School in Minnesota has recently learned about this beautiful village from a school correspondence album, prepared by the pupils of the Ponce de Leon School which the writers say is located in the center of their Florida.

It must be a very attractive school for we are told that it is painted green and cream and is surrounded by many trees and flowers and

has 13 large rooms. There is a lunchroom and an athletic park enjoyed in leisure hours.

*Luisa* writes about the social studies:

"We learn the principal qualities that a good citizen should have; the good character and personality. We learn how to plan for the future and how to help our community. Now we are studying about the religion of the Greeks years ago and in modern times. We made booklets containing many of the activities of our social life."

*Virgilia* enjoys the class in home economics:

"Our first project was to learn how to cook. We studied how to make breakfast, lunch, and desserts, then prepared them. Next we learned to sew and made aprons, baby clothes, and many other things. Now we are learning how to take care of the baby. After this we shall study personal grooming."

Albums from Puerto Rico show that the

JOSE M. MARTINEZ PHOTO

JRC COUNCIL of Palmer School in the town of Mayaguez, P. R., conducts a Children's Rolling Theater (Teatro Infantil Rodante). Some members are acting out "Little Red Riding Hood" at a party for a children's home.

TEATRO  
INFANTIL  
RODANTE

ESCUELA  
RIERA  
PALMER







▲ JRC members of Mayaguez entertain the children who live in the "Asylum for the Poor."

children have natural ability in drawing and design, and a good eye for color.

Their hand-made Christmas cards are especially attractive. Some of these were pictures of Three Kings' Day festivities for Epiphany, or "Twelfth Night," the time when children receive gifts. But in spite of their tropical climate Santa Claus is dressed as we know him on the mainland.

The Junior Red Cross Club of the Baldorioty Junior High School in San Juan wrote about their Halloween party:

"Our home room celebrated with an assembly. The pupils presented a play called 'Halloween Pudding.'" This was a lively time for sheet-clad ghosts paraded through the audience and there were witches and many amusing pranks.

Puerto Rican children have much fun, for they celebrate American national holidays as well as those which are native to their island.

Although English is taught in the schools, Spanish is the native language of Puerto Ricans, and so quite naturally the one they most enjoy reading. During the last year and a half, a Spanish edition of the American Junior Red Cross News has added much to their enjoyment of this magazine.

At the present time there are 378,592 members of the Junior Red Cross in the Puerto Rican schools. We receive excellent reports of their program activities and the work of their councils.

—Alice Ingersoll Thornton

At San Juan's Festival (also to celebrate completion of a playground) Junior Red Cross girls show how to bandage and give first aid. ➤



▲ In Toa Baja, a parade and gay Athletic Festival marked the opening of the school children's playground—a Junior Red Cross project.



# Ideas on the March

THIS MONTH we hear of the fine Junior Red Cross work being carried on in the schools in Midwestern Area. This area includes Arkansas, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. Mr. James B. Jackson is Director of AJRC for this area.

## Safety for Bike Riders

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS Grade School Council is a good place to start a drive against bicycle accidents. If you decide to have such a campaign, of course you will need the help of the Red Cross Accident Prevention Service. Other community organizations interested in making bike-riding safer on your streets will be glad to help in your plans.

Will County Chapter, Joliet, Illinois, carried out a fine campaign for safe bikes. They inspected and approved two thousand safe bikes, or 80 percent of all the bicycles in Joliet.

The campaign was started in a Junior Red Cross Council meeting with a movie and a talk on the problem.

After the campaign "got going," the Chicago Motor Club, the Joliet Police Force, the Youth Committee of the Community Safety Council, and the Exchange Club, all helped to make it a success.

The Chicago Motor Club distributed large

Cyclists of Joliet, Ill., whose bikes are equipped with luminous tape (marked by white arrows) can be easily seen by motorists at night. ▼



posters with bike safety rules to each school in the county. To all teachers in the county was sent a letter asking that they talk to their pupils about bicycle safety. School superintendents, too, were consulted about plans for the campaign.

The city of Joliet helped by printing warning tickets for use in the campaign. Other supplies, like decals and membership cards, were ordered from the Bicycle Institute of America. The highlight of the preparations was buying enough "Scotchlite" for 2000 bikes. (Scotchlite is a luminous tape for use on bicycles so they can be seen in the dark.)

Seven school playgrounds were used for inspection of the bicycles. Each bike was checked to be sure that—

The chain was not too loose or too tight.

Handlebars were not too loose.

Handlebars were equipped with rubber grips.

Pedals were equipped with rubber treads.

Rear light or reflector was in good condition.

The bicycle was equipped with a front light if it was to be used at night.

Tires were well-shellacked to the rim, if single tube.

Spokes of the wheel were tight and true.

The owner had a license if living inside the city.

Each rider was required to ride his bike down the space between two white lines about a foot apart for a distance of 40 feet. At that point the brakes were to be applied. To pass, the rider had to stop within a distance of 10 feet from the braking point.

Then each rider was required to ride a figure "8" painted on the playground, giving the correct signals for turning.

If the rider passed all tests, the "Scotchlite" was applied. Membership cards in the Bicycle Institute of America, along with decals, were then issued.

The riders who did not pass the test were given warning tickets listing the defects.

These tickets were to be shown to their parents. As soon as the defects were taken care of, the riders were to return for another check-up. They could then receive their membership cards.

How were the schools and riders told about the details of the campaign? Will County Chapter put notices in the Junior Red Cross bulletins, sent out postcards, and made announcements at grade-school council meetings.

Then the city school superintendent in Joliet urged the captains of the school patrol and members of the Junior Red Cross council to help in telling all owners and riders in their schools about the campaign. The schools in outlying communities and the high schools were given complete information and invited to take part. The local daily newspaper also gave publicity to the campaign.

A week before inspection, the whole plan was aired on Will County's regular weekly Junior Red Cross radio show. Representatives of co-operating groups, including the traffic sergeant of the Joliet Police Force, took part in the broadcast.

You, too, can make your community a safer place for bike riders. Why not discuss the problem in your next Junior Red Cross council meeting?

#### First Aid in Rural Schools

**I**F YOU attended a small school, which had only six pupils who were old enough to take a First Aid course, and yet you were eager to have a course, what would you do?

That's exactly the question which faced a rural school near Aurora, Illinois (Aurora Chapter). The pupils found the answer by getting some of their mothers to come to the class with them. It worked fine, too.

Another rural school in the Aurora Chapter had the same problem. They worked it out by having an evening meeting, during the course, of parents and pupils.

The pupils were responsible for part of the program. Some of those taking the First Aid course brought their parents to the front of the audience and demonstrated bandaging and artificial respiration. Everybody had a good time. And the program brought parents, pupils, and teacher closer together.



▲ Junior Red Cross boys in Normal, Ill., practice bandaging as part of their First Aid course.

#### Proof of the Pudding

**T**HERE IS an old saying that the "proof of the pudding is in the eating."

We might say, too, that the value of taking a course in accident prevention in school is measured by the reduced number of accidents taking place afterwards.

It took the 180 seventh-grade pupils of the Lawrence, Kansas (Douglas County Chapter) schools to prove the truth of the old saying. Their teacher, Miss Nettie M. Wismer, *thought* they were trying hard to put into practice the lessons she had taught them in accident prevention.

She wanted to be *sure*, however. So she gave her pupils a check-up to see what they did about certain things before the course and after the course had been finished. She asked questions like this:

*Did you walk during the red traffic light before taking Accident Prevention?*

*Do you walk during the red traffic light now?* (The replies showed that 55% of the pupils did walk during the red light before, but only 17% after the course.)

*Did you ride your bike double before taking the course?*

*Do you ride double since taking the course?* ("Yes" was the answer to the first question by 83% of the pupils; but only 31% continued to ride double after the course.)

The boys and girls were also







CHICAGO DAILY NEWS PHOTO  
Members of Chicago's JRC safety council get information on signals from a traffic policeman

asked, "In what ways did Accident Prevention help you?"

Some of them answered like this:

It made me think safety.

It taught me right and wrong.

It taught me to remove hazards when I see them.

We now label our bottles at home containing poisons. We do not keep them in our medicine cabinet.

We are careful now to keep our yards clear of glass and sticks.

No more running up and down stairs.

I am keeping our closets clean.

Your teacher can find out all about this course from the chapter chairman of Accident Prevention.

#### Ready for the Water

**N**OW IS THE TIME to think of the fun you'll soon be having when you go swimming. Are you ready for the water when that time for swimming comes?

Your teacher can find out from your Red Cross chapter about classes in swimming.

In the spring of 1948, the boys and girls in the Shawnee County Chapter, Topeka, Kansas, got "ready for the water" in a big way.

The chapter distributed 1500 enrollment blanks for swimming classes throughout the schools. Questions like these were asked:

*Do you want to swim?*

*How well can you swim right now?*

The chapter people found out for the Juniors that the boys and girls could have seven swimming classes going on at the same time for three different periods each day. Seven pools were used for the classes.

When classes started, some plan had to be worked out, so that there would be fun for all. At one time in each pool, 75 children were in the water, 75 were getting ready, and 75 were getting dressed after their swimming lesson!

With everybody in the community helping, the solution was easy. Members of the PTA, Mother Study Clubs, War Dads Auxiliary, and the school principals talked over the problem. The result was a "Pool Mother" for each pool.

A "Pool Mother" gave one morning a week. She checked roll before and after each class. She helped the instructor keep things running smoothly.

And did the boys and girls in Topeka learn to swim? They most certainly did. When the classes ended, certificates were given to 239 Beginners, 61 Intermediates, 17 Swimmers, and 6 Advanced students.



#### Inspired by a NEWS Cover

**W**HEN THE Junior Red Cross boys and girls in the Brush College Elementary School (Macon County Chapter), Decatur, Illinois, received their October 1947 *News*, they did more than just look at the pictures. Because they liked the cover especially, they discussed in their council meeting the six JRC activities pictured on it.

They especially liked the artist's sketch or "Conservation" which showed a boy and girl planting a tree. They decided they wanted to do something like that in their own school. With funds they raised, they bought two evergreens which they planted in their schoolyard.

The council plans to keep up this landscaping activity for a number of years. They want their schoolgrounds to be well planted with evergreens and shrubs, so it will be beautiful. The Junior Red Cross members themselves plan to care for the trees.

**CORRECTION:** The title of the article on page 23 of the January issue of the *News* should have read "Surprise from New Zealand" instead of "Surprise from Australia."



# Spring Is Here!



## SPRING

**T**HERE WAS a hard rain in the night,  
But when I awoke this morning  
The spring had come, the grass of green  
Was all of the earth adorning.

The sun shone brightly on the world,  
The sky was blue and cloudless;  
The birds were singing merry tunes,  
Their throats nigh burst with proudness.

It won't be long till flowers will bloom,  
And children will be playing  
In the bright outdoor world of spring,  
And we'll all go a-Maying.

*Louise Rogers, Grade 7,  
Kentucky School for the Blind,  
Louisville, Kentucky.*

## EASTER EGGS

**E**ASTER eggs are red  
Easter eggs are blue  
If you leave a nest  
Mr. Bunny will visit you.

*David Dowell, Grade 1,  
Cochran School,  
Louisville, Kentucky.*

## WILD FLOWERS

**A** LITTLE girl named Doris  
Went to the forest,  
And picked wild flowers  
For hours and hours.  
On the way home,  
They all wilted,  
And I saw the road  
Where they had been jilted.

*Shirley McCullough, Grade 5,  
Muscoda School,  
Birmingham, Alabama.*

## MY TURTLE

**I** HAVE a little turtle,  
I know him very well,  
I keep him in a cookie jar,  
And call him Lucy Bell.  
He is so very cute and green,  
I love to watch him walk,  
The only wish that I have now,  
Is, that he could talk.

*Emelie Ann Lassman, Grade 4,  
North Syracuse Grade School,  
North Syracuse, New York.*

## BE CAREFUL

**W**HEN you wander through the woods  
In the good old summertime,  
Be careful with that lighted match;  
Don't leave a fire behind.

When you go out camping,  
You'll have a fire no doubt,  
So before you start your homeward trip,  
Be sure that fire is out.

When a-hunting your dads may go,  
Be sure the good fire rules they know;  
One cigarette carelessly tossed  
Can amount to a great big loss.

*Jimmy Marshall, Grade 5,  
Fairmont School,  
Birmingham, Alabama.*

## IN APRIL SUNSHINE

**C**HILDREN are out,  
Running about,  
Having a lot of fun.  
Watching the flowers,  
Taking their showers,  
Under the April sun.

*Catherine Swartz, Grade 5,  
Jackson School,  
Waynesboro, Virginia.*



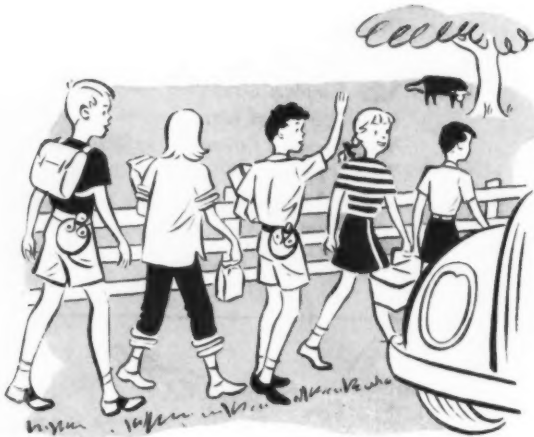
"Look, he's taking his first step!"

# Let's have a picnic!



## PLAN THE PICNIC

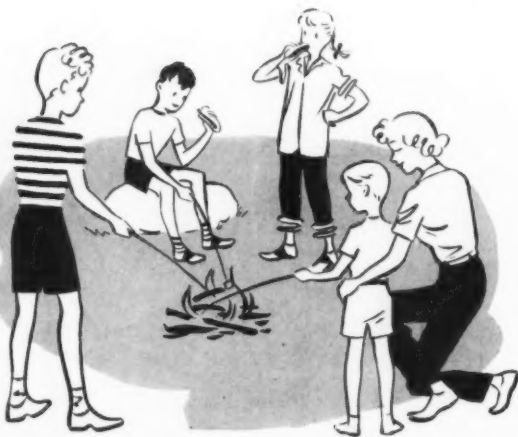
Picnics are usually more fun when they are well planned. First, you will want to decide on a place to go, how to get there, how to get home, the number going, and supplies needed. Speaking of supplies, it's a good idea to take along a first-aid kit—and a trained first aider—when you go picnicking.



## WALKING TO THE PICNIC

If you are going by foot to the picnic spot, walk in single file on the left side of the highway (when there are no sidewalks). Then get off the highway when you are resting.

Watch out for poisonous plants. The jingle—Leaflets, three, let it be; berries white, take fright—may help you remember how to recognize poison plants.



## PICNIC FIRES

Find out if fires are permitted at the picnic site. An adult should go along to help build the fire and to help safeguard you and your surroundings.

If there are any small children in the crowd, you will want to warn them to stay a safe distance from the fire. Remember, too, to use long enough sticks for roasting weenies or marshmallows, making sure that they are of green wood so they won't ignite.

Nearly everybody loves a picnic. But fun in picnicking depends on a lot of things. MARGO HILLS tells you how to be a good picnicker, with safe fun for everyone. JO FISHER drew the pictures.

#### DRESS FOR THE PICNIC

Be sure to wear appropriate clothing for the occasion. Ruffled dresses and flimsy shoes have no place at a picnic. Sturdy, low-heeled shoes are especially important if you plan to hike.



#### WHEN YOU GET THIRSTY

That water in the nearby stream is good for putting out fires, but it may not be good for drinking. When you plan your picnic, take along some drinking water unless you are sure that you can get water from a tested well or spring.



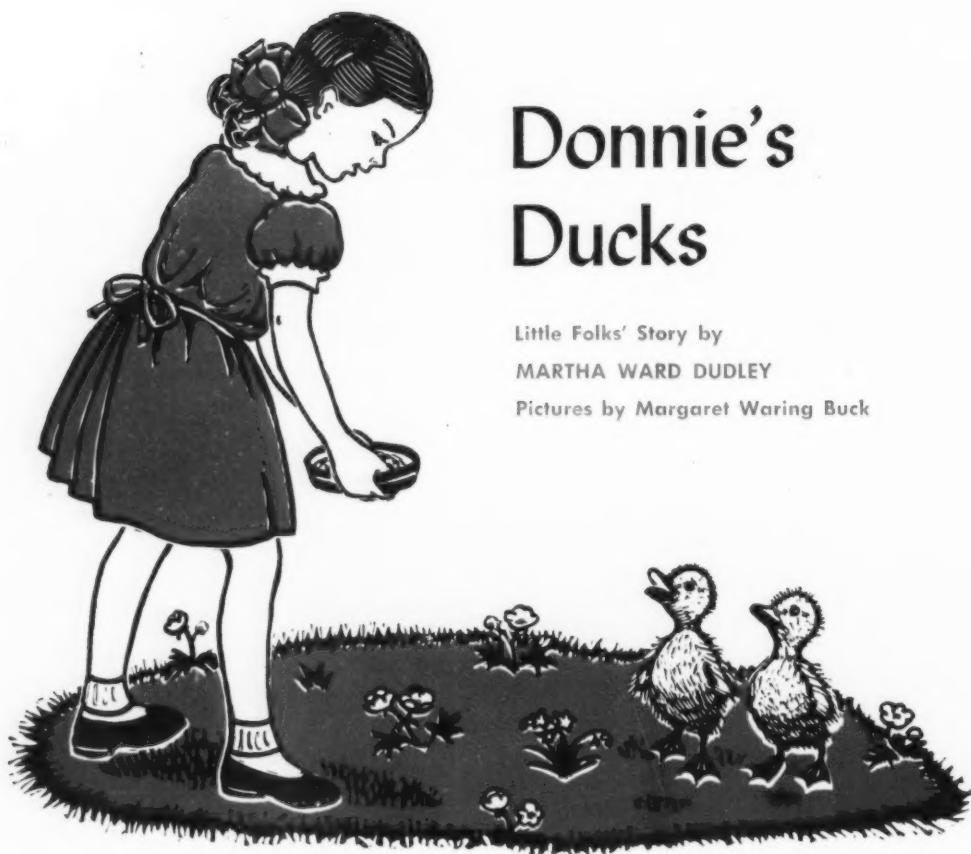
#### SOAK, STIR, SOAK AGAIN!

It is really easy to put out a little campfire. You stir the coals while you soak them with water. Then turn over any unburned sticks. Drench them with water on both sides. Soak the ground around the fire. Be sure every spark is out.

If there is no water handy, use dirt to smother the fire. Make sure it is completely put out.

Before you leave the picnic ground, make sure that you have cleaned it up. Remember that other people may want to use this same place for a picnic tomorrow or the next day—and it's no fun to clean up papers, cans, or scraps that someone else has left.





# Donnie's Ducks

Little Folks' Story by

MARTHA WARD DUDLEY

Pictures by Margaret Waring Buck

DONNIE named her Easter ducklings "Fuzzy" and "Shakey." Their knees bent back just the way your elbows do. When they closed their eyes, the lids came *up* instead of *down* like yours.

Fuzzy and Shakey wanted to stay together all the time. If Donnie carried one yellow duckling into the bushes for a nap, the other peeped and ran after her so fast that he rocked too much and fell over. Then Donnie would have to back up and slow down.

Donnie fed her duck babies cornmeal mush, bread and milk, bits of lettuce, and some of her brother Ricky's Pablum.

She lifted them into warm, shallow water in the kitchen sink so they could learn to swim. After their bath, she dried

them gently and put them near the warm oven so they wouldn't catch cold.

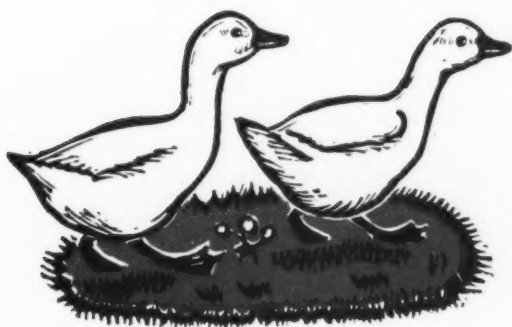
At night, the ducklings slept snuggled close together in a corner of their box. Mother covered the box with an apron to make it dark and warm for them.

Both ducklings ate a lot, but they stayed quite thin. One day they were so weak that Donnie knew they needed a duck doctor. So right after school, Donnie and Mother put the duck box into the car and drove to the Zoo office.

The headkeeper said that the ducklings needed different food. He said that they shouldn't be made to swim until they were 6 weeks old. He said they needed more sunshine and exercise.

After that, Donnie put the ducks in





the yard every day. There they could walk around and eat bugs and worms, or lie in the sun.

Mother bought laying-hen mash and mixed it with a little sand as the head-keeper had told her to do. She hard-boiled eggs for the ducks and flavored the eggs with salt and cod-liver oil.

Donnie didn't fix any more baths for them, but she kept fresh drinking water in their dish all the time.

She had to wash their dishes very often, for Fuzzy and Shakey had bad eating manners. Sometimes they put their feet in their food, or sat down and splashed in their drinking water!

**S**OON THE DUCKS were well. Smooth white feathers began to cover their fluffy ones. The bigger the ducks got, the faster they could run. Now it took two people to get them—one to chase them and the other to catch them.

When the ducks weren't afraid of cats any more, Donnie left them out in the yard overnight. But a hungry owl hooted close by and the ducks called loudly for help. So Daddy ran out and put an upside-down box over them to keep them safe until morning.

The next day Donnie helped make a wooden-box house for them. It had a door just their size and a linoleum rug for a dry floor.

One morning, all by themselves, Shakey and Fuzzy crawled through the picket fence that encircled the goldfish pond in Donnie's yard, and splashed into the water. They had known all the time how to swim, and soon taught themselves to dive and swim under water. Daddy fixed a board with steps on it so they could climb in and out of the pond easily.

The ducks soon began to eat Donnie "out of house and home." They ate their mash three times a day, and bugs and worms between meals. Besides that, they had cereal and milk for breakfast, two slices of bread with raisins for lunch, and a dish of scraps for supper. They ate all the water lily pads out of the fish pond, and even scooped bites out of the fishes' backs.

**N**OW THEY WERE grown ducks. From the very beginning, Donnie and her family had planned that Fuzzy and Shakey should move to the Zoo as soon as they were grown up. So it was time to take them to live with their new friends and relations.

Donnie and her family went into the yard to get them. But Fuzzy and Shakey had gone for a swim in the pond and no



one could drive them out. So Donnie's family just had to wait until the ducks decided to come out all by themselves.

Finally they were caught and put in a box in the car. But then the car wouldn't start! So back went Fuzzy and Shakey for another swim and a nap.

Later Daddy put the ducks in their box again, and lifted it into Donnie's little red wagon. He lifted Ricky in too, and Donnie and her mother pulled the load.

It was a noisy trip, for Fuzzy and Shakey called and quacked all the way to the Zoo. Everyone looked at them and some people stopped to pet them as they went along.

AT THE zoo, the duck keeper looked at their orange bills, and stretched out their strong white wings. He said they were good birds. He told Donnie that she could put them with all the other ducks.

He said that he would take good care of them, and promised that they would be happy in their new home.

So off went the wagon to the duck

yard. Donnie petted each one good-by, and Mother handed it gently over the fence. Fuzzy and Shakey waddled calmly toward their new friends. The other white ducks didn't seem to notice, but a big gray goose honked and fussed at them.

Donnie and mother started back home with only little Ricky in the wagon. He was very much upset. He shook his head and tried to climb out.

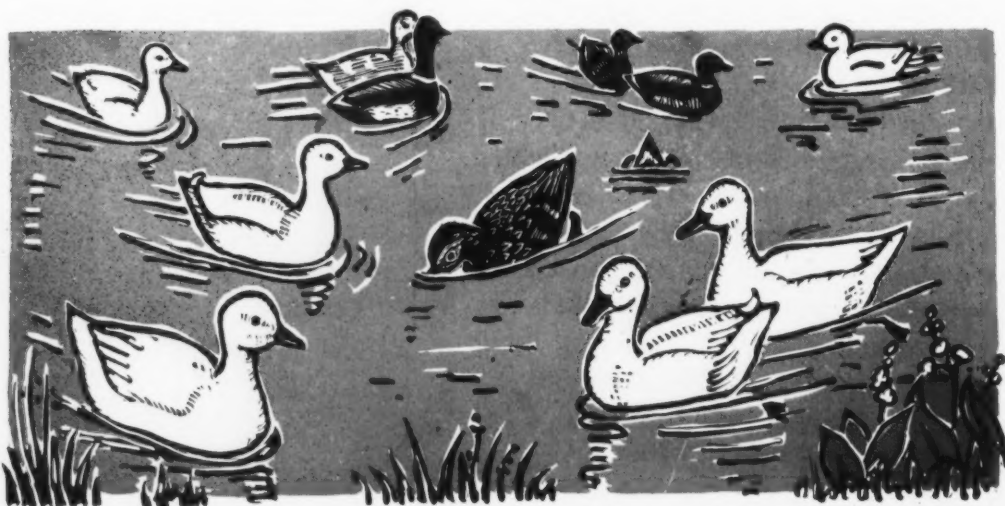
"Ducks! Ducks!" he shouted and pointed back toward the pets as if they were being left by mistake.

Mother gave him some chocolate to help him forget, and cheer him up a bit. Then she and Donnie ate some too.

Later that day, when the car ran again, Donnie and her mother drove to the duck yard. The big gray goose had stopped his honking and fussing, and lay napping in the grasses.

And all the white ducks looked so very much alike, and seemed to be so very much at home, that not even Donnie could tell which two were the ducks she had raised.

Not even Donnie could tell which were the two ducks she had raised.





ARC PHOTO BY WALLER

**SPRINGTIME and HAPPINESS** came to the children in a displaced persons camp in Germany when gift boxes arrived for them from their Junior Red Cross friends in the United States. They were so excited, they stuck flowers and ribbons in their hair, put on their gayest costumes and held a big celebration.

#### AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

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The American National Red Cross

**LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR**.....Vice President  
for Junior Red Cross and Educational Relations,  
The American National Red Cross

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**EDWARD A. RICHARDS**..Director, American Junior Red Cross

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**JAMES B. JACKSON**.....Director, AJRC, Midwestern Area  
Contributing Editor for This Issue

•

#### *Adios Until October*

**T**HIS WILL BE the last issue of the News until October. We are sorry there will be no May number, but it had to be left out this year because of high costs of magazine publishing and cuts in the amount of money allowed for the News.

We can promise you surprises when you receive your October issue. So watch for it next fall when it will be mailed to you along about the middle of September!

*Adios* until the October News comes off the press.

*Your News Staff.*





▲ CHILE—Young Red Cross workers in uniform parade in Santiago.

THREE LIONS



▲ ARGENTINA — Children cool off under a pump in the patio (courtyard).

THREE LIONS

## SOUTH AMERICAN FRIENDS



◀ BRAZIL — Boy rides buffalo on Marajo Island (at mouth of Amazon River).

SCOTT BEEBENS

BRAZIL—Bananas decorate this outdoor fruit shop in Bele Horizonte. ▼

THREE LIONS

ECUADOR—This boy works hard all day as a cargador (porter) in Quito. ▼

SCOTT BEEBENS





